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IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

By ROBERT BACON.

Primùm ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,
Excerpam numero.——

HOR. SAT. IV. BOOK I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY J. MOORE, NO. 134, DRURY-LANE.

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for IN THE

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AND M. P. FOR THE CITY OF NORWICH.

SIR,

AS to solicit the Countenance of *distinguished* Merit, is essential to the *real* Interests of inferior Talents, it will not, therefore, appear singular, that I have presented these my juvenile Efforts to a Person of *your* literary Character; and that I have been ambitious of having them ushered into the World under your Patronage and Support.—Nor will the Public, Sir, I am fully persuaded, be disposed to view this little Production of mine but with a propitious Eye, when submitted

to

to their Indulgence thro' the Medium of One, who, amidst an unremitted Diligence in discharging the Duties of his important Station, which so eminently distinguishes his Character as a Member of the British Senate, has ever shewn the most ardent Zeal, for promoting the true Interests of Science and Literature.

DULY sensible of the Honor you have conferred upon me, and with the most respectful Acknowledgments for this Mark of your Indulgence,

I am,

Sir,

21 0059

Your most obliged,

Most obedient,

And

Most humble Servant,

ROBERT BACON.

ERRATA.

PAGE 5, Line 11, for *be to*, read *to be*.

Page 7, Line 11, for *disquisqtion*, read *disquisition*.

Page 8, Line 7 and 8, for *ille si (quisquam)*, read *ille (si quisquam)*.

Page 16, Line 8, for *sorditus*, read *sordidus*.

Page 18, Line 9, for *Achillam*, read *Achillem*.

Page 20, Line 6, for *lamænæ*, read *Camoenæ*.

Page 24, Line 1, for *Ubris*, read *Urbis*.

Page 28, Line 9, for *srenum*, read *frenum*. Line 10, for *discesistab*, read *discessit ab*. Line 13, for *Libete*, read *Libertate*.

Page 34, Line 22, for *extending*, read *impending*.

Page 61, Line 13, for *Danaide's*, read *Danaides'*.

Page 64, Line 13, for *tarnsaction*, read *transaction*.

ERRATA.

PAGE 3, Line 11, for is to, read is to.

Page 7, Line 11, for diapuription, read description.

Page 8, Line 7 and 8, for ille si (quicquam), read ille (si quicquam).

Page 16, Line 8, for verdict, read verdicts.

Page 18, Line 9, for Jehillam, read Jehillam.

Page 20, Line 6, for Lamnar, read Cranmer.

Page 24, Line 1, for Ubri, read Ubri.

Page 28, Line 9, for rerum, read Rerum. Line 19, for disputed, read dissent ed. Line 23, for Libre, read Libvate.

Page 32, Line 22, for entering, read inquiring.

Page 61, Line 19, for D[illegible]nnicle.

Page 64, Line 9, for conversation, read transaction.

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PREFACE.

WITH Authors, excepting such whose conscious merit needs no apology, it has been a general custom to assign some reason or other for their appearance, in whatever character they may enter upon the great theatre of literature. Those of the tuneful tribe, whom fortune may have placed in a situation superiour to the influence of mercenary views, and whose highest ambition seems be to that of acquiring an illustrious enrolment in the annals of fame, will often urge the importunity of friends. Some court the protection of the public, and prefer an humble suit, backed by the arguments of indigence and want, which they suppose almost incontrovertible. Again, some claim its attention by professing to labour for its entertainment, or instruction; while others, disclaiming all pretension

to public commendation, write only for the amusement of private acquaintance.

Thus do all ascribe the publication of their respective performances to certain operative motives, which some think proper publicly to disclose, while others, fully persuaded of the inefficacy of such means to extenuate the defects, or enhance the intrinsic merit of a work rely with confidence on candour alone.

But let the motives of any one for publishing be what they may, whether of a public or private nature, it is hardly possible that they should be satisfactory to every class of readers. Some indeed may peruse a work with prepossessions in its favour, through the flimsy colouring of some plausible pretext; and others may throw aside the same in disdain, chagrined at the consummate impudence

impudence of its author, who attempts by such artful insinuations to impose upon their judgment.

YET it seems necessary for authors of a certain description, in some way to apologize for sending their productions into the world; and however they may be acquitted by the generality of readers for non-compliance with so frequent a custom, yet perhaps to the discerning few, who, with the minutest disquisqtion, are able to dissect every member of a piece, some apology may be deemed requisite, I mean from those whose productions are not entitled to a place in the higher ranks of literature. It may, therefore, be reasonably expected, that when summoned to the tribunal of criticism, the author of the following pages will be called upon to account for his intrusion upon the public: with this idea he anticipates the summons, and

thus addresses his plea, adopting the words,

AUCTORIS JACOBI CRUCII.

INTUENTI mihi hanc doctissimorum virorum frequentiam, quantulumcunque libellum meum praesentiâ suâ honestantium, occurrit quod de antiochenis memoriæ prodidit festivus ille si (quisquam) Dialogista Lucianus.

APUD illos cum brevioris staturæ, et pusilli corporis histrio in scenam prodiisset, qui Hectoris personam ageret, dicax ille populus illico exclamavit, Astyanactem se videre, Hectorem desiderare. Haud parum et ego quoque metuo, ne summoperc vos miremini, quid sit, cur ego vix Astyanax aliquis, tenuisque ingenii homuncio in conspectum vestrum prodire non dubitaverim: sed cum exploratissimum haberem, quo vos animi affectu publicè scribentes prosequamini, quaque attentione aures

musarum

musarum discipulis præbeatis, subdidit mihi animum hujus humanitatis vestræ recordatio; in quâ utmerito acquiesco, ita antequam altius provehar, a vobis quà possum animi demissione contendo, ut tenuitatem meam, et in scribendo infantiam vestro favore et benevolentia sublevare dignemini, ut libellus meus, his velut secundis subvectus ventis, quem sibi proposuit finem facilius consequatur.

21 0059

IMITATIONS.

IMITATIONS.

ODE XVI. BOOK II.

OF HORACE.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

SAY, all ye gay, licentious proud,
Ye gaudy, vain and idle croud,
On transient pleasures bent;
Ye beaux and painted belles rever'd,
Say, what's your short-lived bliss, compar'd
With ease and true content?

When woes the tortur'd breast assail,
Can pleasure, wealth, or pow'r avail
Or calm a troubled mind?
No more pursue the fleeting joy,
Full soon th'illusive phantoms fly
Nor leave a charm behind.

Tranquillity, fair Virtue's Child,
Whose soothing influence, calm, and mild,
Disarms the weightiest care;
Sweet-smiling queen of gentle pow'r,
In what cool cave, or lonely bow'r
May I thy blessings share?

Amid

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis;
Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
nale, nec auro.

Non

Amid the pomp and pride of courts,
Nor where deceitful vice resorts,
  Muſt I thy seat explore?
Full well I ween some tranquil cell,
Where peace and moral virtue dwell,
  Delights thee, goddess, more:

On me thy peaceful influence shed,
Rid me of ev'ry care and dread,
  And guide my wand'ring feet;
Oh! lead me, where thou deign'st to rest,
To that sequester'd vale that's blest
  With thy much-lov'd retreat.

Indulgent Ease, whose praise I sing,
From whom our greatest pleasures spring,
  And all our blessings rise;
Through this world's various, busy scenes,
Though they too oft mistake the means,
  'Tis thee vain mortals prize

When clouds conceal the moon's pale rays
And twinkling stars withdraw their blaze;
  When o'er the troubled seas,
Loud-roaring surges roll on high,
And Storms tremendous rend the sky;
  The sailor prays for ease.

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circùm
Tecta volantes.
Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum ;
Nec leves somnos timor aut Cupido
Sorditus aufert.
Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?—

Scandit

The warrior clad in burnish'd arms,
When 'mid destructive wars alarms,
He meets the furious foe,
Inglorious ease would Heav'n restore,
The victor's spoils, and glitt'ring ore,
He gladly would forego.

What's all the wealth of rich and great,
Extensive lands or splendid seat,
Or pride's luxuriant charms?
How vain their empty pomp and noise!
When white-rob'd peace, with purer joys,
Their cheerless heart ne'er warms:

The homely swain is far more blest,
Of few paternal goods possest,
Remote from strife and noise;
No troubles 'cross his bosom roll,
No sordid lust disturbs his soul,
Nor peaceful sleep annoys.

Since life's so short, so few our days,
And man himself, in various ways,
The source of all his care;
Why should he leave his native home,
From clime to clime, inconstant, roam,
In search of quiet there?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.
Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillam:
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Though borne afar on rapid steed;
Though prosp'rous breezes haste our speed,
  Wide o'er the seas immense;
Fleeter than stags or furious wind,
Still care assails the human mind,
  If virtue's absent thence:

Virtue can real bliss bestow,
Who follow her this truth shall know,
  'Tis her's alone to save,
While vice's pleasures quickly cloy,
Her false, and devious, paths destroy,
  And lead but to the grave.

With harmless mirth then let's be gay,
Enjoy the pleasures of the day,
  And leave the rest to fate,
Nor useless prescience wish to gain,
Since happiness we seek, in vain,
  Compleat in any state:

While one sinks under ling'ring age,
Another quits this mortal stage,
  In vig'rous life's full bloom;
And I, perhaps, may still remain,
When you, my friend, shall long have lain,
  Within the peaceful tomb.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ
Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura,
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

Propitious fortune smiles on you,
And plenteous joys, unnumber'd woo;
Thine are rich, lowing meads,
Flocks, bleating, stray o'er braky hills,
Abundant wealth thy coffer fills,
Loud neigh thy prancing steeds.

On me, to poesy inclin'd,
Kind Heav'n bestows a grateful mind,
Contented in my state;
My lot though humble, I support
Superior to the vulgar's sport,
Their envy, or their hate.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE XXX.

AD VENEREM.

O VENUS regina Cnidi, Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.
Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

ODE XXX. BOOK I.

OF HORACE.

TO VENUS.

ALL-HAIL, propitious queen of love
Far from thy fav'rite isles remove,
  Thy Cyprian grove despise;
Fair MYRA now invokes thee, come,
And seek her temple's spacious dome,
  Where clouds of incense rise.

There let the boy, with glowing breast,
The graces too, with flowing vest,
  Attend thy jocund train;
And Mercury, and Nymphs serene,
And Youth, whose grace and comely mien
Without thy smiles are vain.

EPIST. X. LIB. I.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI.

AD FUSCUM ARISTIUM.

UBRIS amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores; hac in re scilicet unâ
Multum dissimiles, ad cætera pene gemelli:
Fraternis animis: quidquid negat alter, & alter:
Annuimus pariter, vetuli notique columbi.
Tu nidum servas: ego laudo ruris amæni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Quid quæris? vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis rumore secundo,
Utque sacerdotis fugitivus liba recuso,
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.

Vivere

EPISTLE X. BOOK I.

OF HORACE,

IMITATED,

TO A FRIEND.

WE, whom the fields and rural scenery please,
Wish health to PHILO and a mind at ease;
In this alone each other's views we blame,
In all things else we still approve the same,
Like twin-born brothers, and with equal heart,
Studious is each some pleasure to impart:
Thus we agree like constant, cooing doves,
And each one loathes what t'other disapproves.
You keep the neſt, whilst I with transport rove
O'er verdant fields, and seek some rural grove;
O'er chearful meads, and moss-grown hills I stray,
Or near some stream pursue my lonely way.
What shall I say? I then begin to live,
And feel more pleasure than a crown can give,
When tired of noise, and pleasures vain, that cloy,
I gladly quit what you can still enjoy.
Thus the full slave with dainty sweetmeats fed,
Returns, delighted, to his homely bread.

Vivere Naturæ si convenienter oportet,
Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primùm;
Novistine locum potiorem rure beato?
Est ubi plùs tepeant hyemes? ubi gratior aura
Leniat et rabiem Canis, et momenta Leonis,
Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum?
Est ubi depellat somnos minùs invida cura?
Deteriùs Lybicis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
Nempe inter varias nutritur silva columnas,
Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros,
Naturam expellas furcâ; tamen usque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.

Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,

Certius

To lead that life the laws of nature bound,
Let first some pleasant rural spot be found;
What scene more fit for building canst thou prize,
Where health and pleasures in abundance rise?
When winter, wild, extends his icy reign,
What milder sky or station can we gain?
The dog-star raging in th'advanced year,
Can cooler zephyrs fan the parching air,
When mid the ardor of the Lion's blaze,
The sun darts down his fiercely-schorching-rays?
Is there a place that envious care less knows?
And where can we enjoy so soft repose?
Can floors of marble equal pleasure yield,
To natures fragrance, and th'enamell'd field?
Is water purer, which, by art and force,
Thro' leaden pipes forsakes its usual course,
Than when untainted, and without allay,
In gentle streams it, murm'ring, bends its way?
Midst various columns you delight to raise
Whole groves of trees, and, lost in raptures, praise
The house that views the distant fields around,
Alike in all is pow'rful nature found;
Tho' banish'd hence, she mocks all proud disdain,
Returns again, and will her pow'r maintain.

The man whose partial and unskilful eye,
'Tween Latian varnish and the Tyrian dye,
Sees not the diff'rence; yet he ne'er shall know,
Midst all the faults that from such ign'rance flow,

The

Certius accipiet damnum, propiusve medullis,
Quàm qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum,
Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ
Mutatæ quatient. Si quid mirabere, pones
Invitus. Fuge magna: licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vitæ præcurrere amicos.
Cervus equum pugnâ melior communibus herbis
Pellebat: donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis, frenumque recepit:
Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
Non equitem dorso, non frenum depulit ore.
Sic qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret; dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternùm quia parvo nesciet uti.

The piercing anguish erring mortals find,
Who know not truth from falshood of the mind.
Who bask supine in Fortune's cheering ray,
Shall dread th'approach of some less happy day.
With fond reluctance we regret to part,
From joys that cling so closely to the heart.
Then fling away ambition:* flee the court;
Where princes, lords, and parasites resort;
And seek that peace beneath an humble shed,
That seldom pillows with a princely head.

The stag, victorious, by his might expell'd
The lordly horse far from the common field.
At length impatient of the galling yoke,
The taunts of victory untaught to brook,
He hastes to man, man straight assistance lends,
The horse obedient to his rider bends:
But when his foe lay vanquish'd at his feet,
Too late he found revenge (tho' e'er so sweet)
Howe'er our present interest may entice,
Is much too dear when liberty's the price.
Thus he who, fearing poverty's sharp pain,
Barters his liberty for sordid gain,
Foregoes a treasure of more precious cost,
Than all the riches of the East can boast;
And not content with nature's frugal store,
Whose wants are few but still must covet more,

* Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition.——*Shakespeare.*

To

Cui non conveniet sua res ; ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertet ; si minor, uret.
Lætus sorte tuâ vives sapienter, Aristi :
Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura
Cogere, quám satis est, ac non cessare videbor.
Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique,
Tortum digna sequi potiús quám ducere funem.
Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ :
Excepto, quid non simul esses, cætera lætus.

To haughty lords he abject homage pays
And in base servitude shall spend his days.
'Tis thus our fortunes with our shoes agree,
If small, we're straiten'd; but if large, too free.
Learn hence dear PHILO, that 'tis wise to live
Content with what kind Providence shall give
And when forgetful of my ease and health,
I toil to store unnecessary wealth,
Fail not to give, as 'fits a friend so true,
To sordid avarice the censure due.
Money obeys or governs all the heart,
But better serve than act a tyrant's part.

Thus I attempt my leisure hours to fill;
In all things blest but that you're absent still.

THE

Εἰδίλλιον ἰὰ τοῦ Θεόκριτου.

Οὐδεν ποττ' ἔρωτα πεφύκει φάρμακον αλλο,
Νικία, οὔτ' εγχρισον, (ἐμὶν δοκεῖ) οὔτ' ἐπίπασον,
Ἢ ταὶ Πιερίδες κοῦφον δέ τι τοῦτο καὶ ἁδὺ
Γίνετ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποις εὑρῆν δ' οὐ ῥαδιον εστι.

THE CYCLOPS.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO A FRIEND.

B * V * R, my friend, no balm was e'er yet found,
T'assuage the anguish of love's fatal wound;
No med'cine yet could soothe the poignant smart,
Save the soft breathings of the Muse's art.
The grateful plant, tho' rais'd in mortal soil,
Yet oft eludes the search and mocks our toil:
And well I ween that none discerns this more;
So well instructed in APOLLO's lore,
" Thy task unwearied still to soften grief,
And on the anguish'd nerve to pour relief;"
Nor this alone, each sister art is thine,
Fav'rite of PHŒBUS and the tuneful NINE,

'Twas thus we read, as sung in days of yore,
The CYCLOPS strove t'allay love's mighty pow'r,
When GALATEA, blooming, fair, and young,
Inspired his heart and mov'd his love-tun'd tongue.
In vain the anguish of his soul he breath'd,
In vain for her the flow'ry garland wreath'd,
The choicest fruits his careful hand could gain,
Were all rejected with a proud disdain:
Now loose and graceless hung his uncurl'd hair,
No more to please, he feels the wonted care,
To love he yields, that spares nor sex nor age,
No other cares his hapless mind engage.
Spontaneous oft his flocks to fold return,
Whilst he with woe and pining grief would burn,
Along the shore his cruel fortune blame,
And oft invoke fair GALATEA's name,
Soon as AURORA loos'd the gates of light,
'Till VESPER warn'd him of approaching night.

But soon a balm the Muse's strains impart,
To soothe the sorrows of his wounded heart:
High on a rock, elate with craggy Pride,
Extending o'er the far-resounding tide
The CYCLOPS sat and thus his sorrows sigh'd.

Fair GALATEA, author of my pain.
Why thus requite my sorrows with disdain?
When you with smiles return the woe fraught sigh,
Not falling snow is fairer to the eye:

Not

Not softer wool invests the lambkin's side,
Than you, my fair, who skim the briny tide:
Not the young heifer yet untaught to bow
Beneath the galling yoke, so gay as thou:
Not grapes thick clust'ring and scarce yet mature,
As thy complexion are so bright and pure.
Soon as my eyes are clos'd in downy sleep,
My sea-nymph rises from the foaming deep;
Thro' the thick shades and darkness of the night,
Thy beauteous form enchants my wond'ring sight
Fair as the morn and splendid as the light:
But when the night at morn's approach is fled.
And POLYPHEMUS quits his lowly bed,
The visionary form eludes mine eye,
Swift as the sheep from wolves pursuing, fly.

That fatal day first robb'd my soul of rest,
And caus'd these painful transports in my breast,
When with my mother you forsook the deep,
To gather hyacinths on the rocky steep;
Whilst I, delighted, and with conscious pride,
Became the lovely GALATEA's guide.
To shew thee then was all the CYCLOP's care,
The flow'ry treasures of the vernal year.
But from that hour my mind no peace e'er knows,
With love's fond thoughts my tortur'd bosom glows,
Whilst you, regardless of my pain and woe,
Deride my sorrows and no pity shew.
Ah! lovely nymph whom beauteous charms adorn,
This I concieve the reason of your scorn;

Because a brow, thick, shaggy, long, and wide,
O'erspreads my forehead, stretch'd from side to side,
Beneath, one only eye illumes my face,
Devoid of charms, and destitute of grace;
While my thick lips, my broad flat nose adjoins,
And ev'ry feature 'gainst my hope combines.
Tho' such my form, yet know, too cruel fair,
A thousand sheep are my diurnal care;
On moss grown hills the fleecy wand'rers stray,
Their sweetest milk my eager thirst allay.
In summers heat, when drought has parch'd the air
When suns autumnal gild the falling year;
When hoary frost incrusts the torpid ground,
In ev'ry season's grateful, various round,
My cheeses fail not; but the yielding board,
Full-freighted groans, and bends beneath the hoard.

When thee I sing my sorrow and delight,
'Mid the dank vapours of the noxious night,
The mellow pipe with strains so sweet I fill,
Each CYCLOPS yields to my superior skill.
Twelve pregnant does, save one, for thee I feed,
And four bear-cubs of the Sicilian breed:
Thefe the least gifts my anxious love prepares,
Then haste, my fair, and banish idle fears.
Ah! quit the seas, nor skim the waters more,
And leave the waves to lash the sounding shore,
My peaceful solitary cave bestows
More gentle slumbers and secure repose.

There

There grows the Cypress and green Laurel too;
And mantling Ivy creeps, with sable hue;
There curling vines their sweetest fruit bestow;
And water flows from Ætna's purest snow.
Who would the charms of solitude disdain,
To dare the billows of the stormy main?

Think not, that 'mid the wild and wintry waste,
I brave the keenness of the northern blast;
Tho rough and shaggy, and with hair o'erspread,
My blazing hearth with stores of wood is fed,
There riven oaks supply the sun's mild beams,
And glowing embers dart successive gleams.
But vain the heat those feeble flames impart,
To what consumes the wretched CYCLOPS heart;
Nor mean the boast; my life, my all is thine;
And for thy love I'd this one eye resign.
Ah! woe is me! that I'm not e'en possess'd
Of gills and fins, like scaly fishes blest,
Then would I plunge beneath the briny tide,
And prove the happiness that's now deny'd,
For in thy presence, lovely nymph, to live,
Would yield more joys than all the world can give,
The snowy lily and the poppy red,
Should grace the lovely GALATEA's head.
To deck my fair the gayest flow'rs I'd bear,
The lovliest treasures of the various year.
Soon as some wand'ring mariner shall land,
His leaky vessel on this fatal strand,

I'll learn to swim, that I the joys may know,
Which you experience in the deep below.

Like me, whom love and grief, corroding burn,
Who to my home forsaken ne'er return;
Come forth, O nymph, and ease the CYCLOPS' pain,
Ne'er seek thy home and watry bed again.
Come live with me, nor scorn, relentless fair,
In POLYPHEMUS' pleasing toil to share;
To milk the flock, the browsing lambs to tend,
To press the cheese thy kind assistance lend.
But love, my mother only, will accuse,
Who still my pray'r persisting to refuse,
Her tender tales for me ne'er please thine ear,
And for her son she shews no pitying care,;
Tho' daily grief my meagre form destroys,
No winning arts she for my ease employs.
But if she can a mothers feelings know,
Her heart shall soon with soft compassion glow;
For of increasing ills I'll now complain;
My head and feet oppressed with grievous pain.

O CYCLOPS, CYCLOPS, where's thy reason flown?
Thy former pleasure, whither is it gone?
These vain complaints, and idle sorrows leave,
Go, hasten hence, the limber oziers weave;
Go, feed thy lambs with herbage soft and new,
The wonted labours of the day pursue;
Improve the present hour, be timely wise,
For what is past beyond recov'ry flies.

Another

Another GALATEA soon you'll find,
Than this more lovely, and perhaps more kind.
Me many damsels woo with fondling wiles,
My kind regard ensure their sweetest smiles;
That I'm esteem'd then surely this will prove,
Tho' she with frowns disdains my proffer'd love.

Thus POLYPHEMUS breath'd his lovesick strain,
And sooth'd the workings of his am'rous pain.
Contented thus his hours more peaceful roll'd,
Than had he brib'd the fair one's love with gold.

ODES.

SPRING.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris et Favoni.

HOR.

THE skies no longer frown, and Boreas fierce
From ravaged woodlands calls his furious blasts;
While vernal breezes blow,
And genial show'rs descend:

The sun's mild rays unloose the frost bound glebe,
And tempt the peasant from the glowing hearth,
To yoke his labr'ing steeds,
And turn the crumbling soil.

Now Spring sweet morning of the new-born year,
Advances, deck'd with flowers and tender buds;
And sheds on tree and herb
Her gentle influence round:

Gay FLORA trips the daisied mead, array'd
In parti-colour'd vest of vivid hue,
While ZEPHYR gently wooes,
And tastes her dewy lip.

All-teeming Earth adorns the beauteous year,
Umbrageous mantles groves again assume,
Again the cheerful fields
Their verdant carpet spread,

And

And various nature smiles at thy return:
Now feathered choristers attune their lay;
In votive strains his reed
Each blithsome shepherd tunes;

While village maids with flow'ry garlands crown'd
And rustic hinds their rural sports enjoy.
To thee, O lovely Spring,
They yearly honours pay.

EPITHALAMIUM.

CHARLOTTE at length her hand bestows,
Propitious Heav'n the deed allows,
And this the happy day;
Assist me then ye tuneful nine,
At joyful HYMEN's sacred shrine,
This tribute due to pay.

Good-nature and good-sense combin'd,
And modesty with sweetness join'd,
And virtue pure as light;
A tender heart, and soul sincere,
And every lovely grace appear
In her divinely bright.

Now VENUS and her peaceful doves,
And CUPID with the little loves,
The nuptial bow'r adorn;
The birds with songs, each fresh'ning gale
In soft and gentle whispers, hail
This blest auspicious morn.

All

All joy attend the happy pair,
For ever be they free from care ;
And long—long may they live
In health and peace. and both possess
The highest bliss and happiness,
That HYMEN's bands can give.

MYRA.

MYRA.

THE SMILING FAIR.

DULCE RIDENTEM LALAGEN AMABO.
HOR.

MYRA's a nymph devoid of art,
Of unassuming grace;
And dimpled smiles, that ever please,
Adorn her beauteous face.

Soon as the orient beams appear
Of rosy-finger'd morn,
The gloomy shades of night disperse
Before the rising dawn:

'Tis thus my charmer's smiles dispel
The gloom of dark despair,
That hovers o'er my pensive soul;
And banish all my care.

Such winning sweetness, grace, and love,
In MYRA's charms I find,
Whene'er with gladsome smiles she deigns
To cheer my drooping mind,

At once all dismal thoughts are gone
My soul new life receives;
My brow, relax'd from frowning care,
Returns the smiles she gives.

THE

THE WEDDING-DAY.

ON circling hours swiftly borne,
Now arrives the joyous morn;
Prompt, ye nine, the tuneful lay,
To hail AMELIA's wedding-day.

Labour's hand awhile subside,
See the new-made blooming bride;
Haste and deck the nuptial bow'rs,
Strew the way with fragrant flow'rs.

Lovely nymphs and sportive swains,
Hasten to our festive plains;
Hither come, ye young and gay,
'Tis AMELIA's wedding-day:

O'er th' enamell'd green advance,
Lead along the rustic dance,
Nor be wanting flute or song,
As ye lightly trip along.

Blooming nature smiles around,
Opening Flow'rs deck the ground,
Feather'd warblers tune their lay,
To hail AMELIA's wedding-day,

Now let cheerful mirth impart,
Pleasing joys to ev'ry heart;
Bid adieu to toil and care,
While we quaff the nut-brown beer:

And whilst mirth and glee abound,
Let the village bells ring round,
Let the rustic minstrels play,
'Tis AMELIA's wedding-day.

STREPHON TO MYRA.

To you, fair maid, these artless lines impart,
The soft sensations of thy STREPHON's heart,
Oppress'd, alas, with anxious cares,
Desponding thoughts and abject fears,
Which in alternate series roll
Across my fond, distracted soul.
Oh Love! thy tender flame
Has siez'd my vital frame;
What joys and cares!
What hopes and fears!
What ecstasy sublime, what poignant pain,
Possess my heart! and then subside again.

The wonted calmness of my mind is gone,
And all my hours of sweet delight are flown.
Mirth. cheerfulness, and balmy rest,
Are banish'd from my troubled breast.
You caus'd the torments I endure
And only you can cause their cure;
Then let soft pity move
Thy tender heart to love,
Despair is nigh
Oh! quickly fly,
Nor suffer me, fair MYRA, to remain
A wretched victim to so great a pain.

See, jocund May and flow'ry Spring again
Return: but ah! to me return in vain.
Tho' Nature smiles 'tis no relief
To my fond heart's oppressive grief,
Not all the charms of beauteous spring;
In vain, in vain the warblers sing.
Nor can soft music please,
Or give a moments ease,
Nor ought of rest
To my sad breast.
Oh! lovely nymph, do thou my pain remove,
And condescend my hallow'd flame t'approve.

Ah! lovely MYRA, would'st thou but give ear
To my complaint, and ease my grievous care!
Oh! quickly lend a kind relief
And soothe my heart-corroding grief.
And to dispel this gloomy mist
Of sorrow, that o'erclouds my breast,
AURORA like arise,
With thy soft, radiant eyes,
Revive my heart,
New life impart
To my sad soul; once blest with smiles from thee
Who then could boast of happiness like me?

But if stern fate condemns me to more pain,
And wills that still more sorrow I sustain;
I'll from this once lov'd vale remove,
And mourn my lost my luckless love:
Thy beauteous charms I'll call to mind,
How wond'rous fair! but how unkind!
But you I'll not accuse,
Fate does my suit refuse.
Fair maid adieu!
I'll think on you
Till all my pain and woes shall end in death,
And then in pray'rs for youI'll yield my latest breath.

EUGENIO.

EUGENIO.

THE DESPONDING LOVER.

IN that still hour, when o'er the plains,
In awful silence midnight reigns;
What time with sleep, oblivions, blest,
The weary world had sunk to rest;
Alone did sad EUGENIO stray,
In grief to pass the night away.
He long had sought, in vain, to find
Sweet peace to soothe his gen'rous mind;
Many his cares, his comforts few,
No more his eyes soft slumbers knew,
Corroding grief and anxious care,
The troubled thoughts of wan despair,
Tumultuous o'er his bosom roll,
And spread a gloom o'er all his soul.

In silver majesty array'd,
The moon her fulgent orb display'd,
Whom thus with care and grief oppress'd,
The hopeless, lovelorn youth address'd.

Hail!

Hail! thou goddess, fair and bright,
CYNTHIA, splendent queen of night.
Aid me by thy friendly ray,
As thro' pathless groves I stray,
Guide me in the silent hour,
To some still sequester'd bow'r,
Far remote from haunt of men,
Busy noise and troublous din;
Where all around is calm and still,
Save a gently flowing rill;
Or the softly whisp'ring trees,
Moved by the fanning breeze;
Or where Philomel complains,
In her plaintive soothing strains,
Grateful to the lover's ear,
When his heart's oppress'd with care,
When his lot has been to prove,
All the pangs of luckless love.

Here diffuse thy gentle beams
Thro' the trees in sudden gleams,
As the weary clouds pass by,
Slowly-moving thro' the sky.
Emblem this of man's estate,
Thro' the various scenes of fate,
Cheering light and gloomy shade
By turns his restless mind invade,
Joy and pleasure, grief and pain
In his breast, alternate, reign.

Welcome,

Welcome, welcome, lonely dell:
Here in secret let me dwell.
Since no ray of hope appears,
Not one faint gleam my bosom cheers,
Here I'll spend my ling'ring years,
Here indulge my pining cares,
As I to the stars complain,
Sing to hills and vales my pain,
Echo shall repeat the strain;
Till at last, kind, welcome death
Stop my grief-exhausted breath,

ELIZA then may cease to hate,
And pity sad EUGENIO's fate.

ABSENCE.

AND is the charmer of the plains away?
Alas! and leaves me to indulge my pain;
I pine in solitude the livelong day,
Nor ought of comfort in the night I gain.
The lonely woodlands and the winding vale,
Where lovely MYRA wont erewhile to stray,
In echoing strains repeat the plaintive tale,
The charmer of the plains is far away.
Oh! MYRA, think, the while thy STREPHON sings,
What keen-felt anguish absent lovers bear.
Oh! haste, ye hours, and on your silver wings,
Convey me, smiling, to my absent fair.

ODE TO HOPE.

SWEET hope benign, thou gracious boon,
That heav'n on man bestows
To smooth life's rugged way;
'Tis thine to cheer with gleamy ray
His short, and wintry day.
'Tis thine to smooth the wrinkled brows
Of gloomy care,
And banish wan despair.
But ah! from me thou'rt gone full soon;
Thy joys are transient as the morning dew
A while thou led'st me on through flow'ry vales,
And shew'd me prospects fair to view,
And still amus'd me with thy flatt'ring tales.
With thee, well-pleas'd, I wont to rove
To sunny hill or shady grove;
Oft as the sun, in western sky,
Had ting'd the clouds with crimson dye;
From thence to view with conscious pride,
Midst charming views remote and wide,
Some pleasing scene of rural life,
Secure from envy, hate, and strife.
Whilst thou with winning smiles would'st say,
Such shall be thine some future day.

And

And when the god, now sunk to rest,
Was slumb'ring on his THETIS' breast,
Then would'st thou make my peaceful bed;
Not of soft down, but leaves instead;
And lull me with thine airy schemes,
Fantastic thoughts, delusive dreams.

What time the morn's shrill herald's strain
Had rous'd the lowly, slumb'ring swain,
With thee I've stray'd at early dawn,
O'er verdant mead and flow'ry lawn,
Where streams, in murmurs soft and slow,
Meand'ring thro' the landscape flow.
And oft as fancy's voice might urge,
I've climb'd ambition's highest verge,
From thence look'd down, with pitying eye,
On grandeur, pomp, and pageantry;
Content to ken the tranquil dell,
Where health, and peace, and friendship dwell.
And as we journied on the way,
Thy presence cheer'd each low'ring day.
Thy voice beguiling still mine ear,
Still pleas'd the soothing tale to hear,
Joyous I pass'd the live-long day,
And anxious care fled far away.

But now, alas, what hapless change
Presents itself wheree'er I range!

Where

Wheree'er my weary footsteps rove,
By haunted stream, or cypress grove,
Thick mists and show'rs each prospect hide,
And close me in on ev'ry side.
I see, I see the fiend is there,
Sad disappointment's steps appear:
With dismal shade, and sable hue,
She mars each scene and clouds each view.
Now fell misfortune's black'ning tempests low'r,
And adverse storms around me roll;
No more sweet hope, I hear thy pleasing tale,
But mournful, sad, disconsolate, I stray,
And, lonely, urge my gloomy way
Thro' time's short vale.
Ah! whither is the prattler flown?
Ah! whither gone?
Oh! Oh! hither come with cheering accents kind,
Spread thy sweet influence o'er my grief-worn mind;
Again return with all thy soothing pow'r,
And bless my longing soul.

CURIOSITY.

Est Ardelionum quædam Romæ natio,
Trepidè concursans, occupata in otio,
Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens,
Sibi molesta, aliis odiosissima.

PHÆD.

CURIOSITY.

OF the various passions that are natural to mankind, Curiosity seems to be one of the most active and powerful; which, unless it be engaged in laudable pursuits, and confined within the limits prescribed by virtue, often becomes a diſeaſe pernicious and fatal to the mind: and exhibits human nature in a most pitiable point of view.

NOTHING can be conceived more contemptible, and at the same time more dangerous, than a merely inquisitive person: he is generally a blab, as says the poet, and ought to be avoided as we would the spy of an enemy. Such an one may be compared to the Danaide's tub, which was incapable of containing what it received; for whatever comes under his inspection, or is mentioned in his hearing he is sure to publish, and when opportunity shall serve, will enlarge and illustrate.

THIS excessive prying and communicative disposition, has been observed to be particularly prevalent, in those who are naturally indolent; and who have no useful employment to divert their imagination. The mind, if it be not engaged in the

the pursuit of useful knowledge, must necessarily be active in the investigation of trifles, and matters of small moment. Thus, for instance, the indolent man, who affects to be studious; as he is deterred from the attempt to acquire solid learning, by that care and assiduity which is the consequent attendant on laborious study; so he squanders that time which might be employed to better purposes, in the search after trifles. He contents himself with the knowledge of things, that can contribute nothing to his learning, nor could his ignorance of them diminish ought from it.

BUT there is a kind of curiosity, which produces more fatal effects; and which argues, that the dispositions of those who are actuated by it, are not only indolent as to commendable inquiries; but that they are also envious and malicious, and enjoy great satisfaction in exposing to public censure, the faults and failings of every one around them. You may meet with beings of this description in every place without exception, who make it their sole business to pry into the affairs of others. It is a kind of trade with them, wherein one deals more largely than another, and he is esteemed the greatest who can dispose of most scandal. Such persons are finely described in the fable of the Lamiæ; who we read were blind at home, but when abroad were remarkably

remarkably quick-sighted. In like manner these Curiosi are totally blinded as to their own demerits whilst not only the more open and flagrant faults of others, but every the least inadvertency and mistake is subject to their strict enquiry and nicest examination. Being always more solicitous to enquire into the failings of their neighbours, than to notice and imitate their good qualities: and hurried on by the strong impulse of this restless passion, they spare no pains in searching to the very bottom of a thing that is but whispered; and enjoy no peace till it becomes public and universally known.

I well remember when a very worthy and respectable family first went to reside at a place that contained a numerous class of these idlers. What a stir it caused among them! Running about from one place to another, various suppositions and exclamations of surprize passed between them. "I wonder who this new-come family is" says one, "and whether they are people of much property." "No great deal I should conceive" replies another, "for they keep a very frugal house and are fashionable in no respect whatever:" "aye" says a third, "and I hear that they go to market, not with ready money but on trust" "I am informed" says a frigid old maid, with a contemptuous sneer, "that Mr. ***** and his wife, live very unhappily together, on account of a familiarity that subsists between him and the

the chamber-maid:" "pray can any one inform me" says a formal old widow, "whether they observe any regularity in their family?" What is their hour of dining? Do they keep late hours? And what is their time of rising? "Oh!" says Mr. **** they are very particular in regard to those things and do every thing by rule, and they are the most penurious and miserable wretches on earth, for they always keep the key of the cellar." Thus these triflers (to call them no worse) amuse themselves with groundless conjectures, and unjust censure, the absurdity of which needs no remark.

But notwithstanding every tarnsaction, that comes under their cognizance, is handed about with the worst construction it is capable of receiving; they stop not here. Not content with the information themselves are able to collect; they have their private emissaries to communicate intelligence, and give them notice of the domestic affairs of every family in town, which become the subject of debate the next time they assemble; for they have their meetings, where the conversation never fails to be such as wounds the honour and reputation of some one of their neighbours. And if any one in company presumes to speak of another with praise and commendation, he is either attended to with careless indifference, or totally disregarded, and considered as one who wishes to violate

violate the laws and rules of the society. On the contrary, should he call in question the chastity of some sage matron, or relate the misfortunes of some frail female; should he make the discord of families, or the animosities of friends the topic of conversation, they are all attention, and listen to the scandalous report with the highest degree of satisfaction.

One grand incentive to curiosity, is a fickle and unsteady temper with a fondness for novelty. When therefore, the mind in any of its sallies borders upon frivolity, it ought immediately to be checked and its attention directed to some other object more worthy the consideration of a rational creature. Thus by bringing this passion under the government of reason at the first, we may prevent the unhappy consequences that envy and spleen might otherwise spur it on to effect.

In diseases of the body, by not attending to the first symptoms of a disorder, and stopping it in the beggining, it often happens, that it gains strength by delay, and in process of time, bids defiance to the powers of medecine. Thus it is with diseases of the mind. Such, and so inveterate is the nature of vice that unless it is eradicated on its first appearance, and destroyed in its infancy, soon the contagion extends its baneful influence, over all the faculties

of the mind, and enervates the whole intellectual system.

In order to the preservation of health, on the slightest attack of any corporal malady, it is expedient to have immediate recourse to those means which are considered the best adapted to impede its progress. And if to remove infirmities of the body so much precaution is necessary, surely the mind demands still greater attention. But how frequently do we find this nobler part of man, either very little regarded, or totally neglected! Too often are the innate virtues of the soul extinguished by the insinuations of vice; its noble powers enfeebled by the alluring wiles of that fascinating enchantress, and rendered useless as to the end and design for which they were originally intended: or, what is worse, applied in promoting the advancement of her cause, to our own perpetual disgrace.

ELEGIES.

INDEX

I.

WHAT dismal sounds invade mine ear,
Slow rising from the lowly vale?
'Tis sure the voice of grief I hear
That floats along the dying gale.

See, see, yon hov'ring, pensive shade
Now gliding o'er the dusky plain,
Where CYNTHIA's beams, declining, fade
And midnight's gloomy horrors reign;

'Tis LAURA, much lamented fair!
For her these mournful murmurs rise,
Whom pitying heav'n hath freed from care,
And taken to her kindred skies.

Lamented shade! thy early doom
Demands the Muse's soothing care,
With plaintive strains to seek thy tomb,
While friendship drops the tender tear.

Erewhile had Hymen's fetters bound
LAURA, meek as the gentle dove,
To one who ne'er soft passions own'd;
Whose flinty heart ne'er glow'd with love:

His

His sordid soul no pleasure found,
But such as charms of gold inspire,
With useless store of wealth t' abound,
The grov'ling wretches' sole desire.

Thus doom'd t' exist the sun had just
His annual orbit thrice fulfill'd;
When LAURA, to its native dust,
Was warn'd her lovely form to yield.

The aged sire, in trembling haste,
O'erwhelm'd with woe, her chamber seeks,
Once more ere life's short span were past,
To press his daughter's faded cheeks.

But he, in whose unhallow'd breast
No sympathetic feelings dwell,
Denied the father's sad request,
To take a long and last farewel.

Say, didst thou fear her falt'ring tongue
Would utter things that might displease?
Fool! it could not to her belong,
To wound a mind she could not ease.

She fell, as when a lily fair
Transplanted from its native soil,
If plac'd some noxious herbage near,
The pois'nous weeds its beauties spoil.

Oh! may thine hours be wing'd with care,
May deep remorse thy bosom heave;
'Till thou shalt shed the tear sincere,
O'er hapless, injur'd LAURA's grave.

II.

THE solemn bell, with awful sound,
(Whose sullen roar from yonder tow'r
Throws dismal horror all around)
Proclaims that JULIUS is no more.

See mourning friends with heartfelt grief,
Perform the laſt, sad obsequies;
Bear to the tomb their honour'd chief,
Whilst gen'rous tears o'er flow their eyes.

For him now mourn the rich and great;
And future days shall bless his name,
When men unborn his deeds repeat,
Transmitting down his virtuous fame.

To fatherless and widow poor,
His hand was always free to give;
And largely from his bounteous store,
Their num'rous wants he would relieve.

At JULIUS' tomb, ah! mournful place
Shall angels conſtant vigils keep;
And who that knew his ev'ry grace
Shall ever there forbear to weep.

****'s

****'s gallant sons,* with faithful trust,
The relics of their chief shall guard;
Till the last trump awake the dust,
And heav'n assign him his reward.

---

* His Company of Volunteers.

III.

III.

BENEATH yon hallow'd greensward spot,
The ashes of a friend repose,
Whose early doom soft pity mourns,
And wrings each heart with pungent woes.

Within the dull, cold arms of death,
There virtue, honour, truth are laid;
Which hov'ring Seraphs long shall guard,
Till time's remotest traces fade.

Awhile the grisly tyrant shook,
His quiv'ring lance at BERNARD's heart;
Th' impending stroke, serene he view'd,
Nor griev'd with life's short joys to part.

That gen'rous heart with feeling fraught,
Where mild humanity reclin'd,
No more shall feel for misery's pain,
Nor prompt to deeds benign, and kind.

That hand, alas! is stiff and cold,
That erewhile taught the sounding lyre,
With melody of sweetest sounds,
To fill our souls with rapt'rous fire:

No

No more that hand, with nice design,
Shall trace the pencil tinted page;
No more extend, with tender care,
The pain of poverty t' assuage.

Those eyes where pity held her seat
No more shall beam the soothing ray:
No more that tongue, with lore divine,
Shall fell misfortune's grief allay.

But cease the strain that wakes our grief,
Nor more indulge the rising sigh;
He yet shall rise, and live again,
Amid the glorious realms on high.

What, tho' in sable weeds array'd,
No widow sad, lament thee dead;
What, tho' around thy peaceful tomb
No lovely orphan's tears are shed;

Yet friendship still shall mourn her loss,
Which many a distant day shall see;
While mem'ry lives, the frequent thought,
Shall fondly turn, and think on thee.

IV.

MELPOMENE, awake thy plaintive lyre,
In soothing strains breathe forth thy mournful lay;
In friendship's grief with sympathy conspire,
And at yon hallow'd urn thy tribute pay.

The solemn yew and pensive cypress twin'd,
O'ershade the sacred spot where ALBERT lies;
While melancholy black with grief combin'd,
Weeps o'er his turf with downcast, sorrowing eyes.

Let virtue mourn the true and constant friend,
The tender husband and the parent dear;
Let charity, that us'd his heart to extend,
Now yield the grateful tribute of a tear.

His gen'rous hand, with joy, dispens'd around
The blest effusions of a lib'ral heart;
His bounty heal'd chill penury's taint wound,
Or at the least allay'd its pungent smart.

Soft pity! sooth the widow's sad distress,
And kindly bring a gentle calm relief;
Heal with thy balm her sorrow-wounded breast.
And free her mind from its oppressive grief.

But why should she thus comfortless repine?
Since he is flown to the bright realms above;
The heavenly train in sacred praise to join,
In ceaseless songs of everlasting love.

V.

WHY mourns my fair one, and why thus distrest,
Why heaves her bosom with that rising sigh;
What secret anguish labours in her breast?
Why stands the tear thus trembling in her eye?

When morning dews surcharge the blushing rose,
Its drooping head declines beneath the weight;
So droops fair MYRA overwhelm'd with woes.
Beneath some stern decree of rigid fate:

Methinks she bears a more than usual grief,
My heart forebodes some melancholy tale;
Oh! speak, that I may fly to her relief,
Or mingle tears and for her sorrows wail.

But hark, yon deep-ton'd bell's slow solemn sound!
It fills my soul with awe. Be brief and tell;
Say, why reign grief and sorrow thus around?
For whose departure tolls that pealing knell?

" Thy MYRA mourns a much-lov'd parent's death,
" Whose fond indulgence and maternal care,
" Which never ceas'd but with her latest breath,
" Demand her sorrows and the trickling tear."

Yet,

Yet, lovely mourner, this affliction bear,
With resignation to the will of fate;
Your honour'd parent's far beyond the care,
And fleeting pleasure of this mortal state;

Tho' now her eyes death's clay-cold fingers close,
Yield to his stern decree and cease complaints;
She's flown to regions of secure repose,
Midst hosts of angels and triumphing saints.

EPITHALAMIUM.

EPITHALAMIUM.

HAIL, happy pair, by gracious heaven's decree,
Design'd blest Hymen's silken bands to wear;
Long may ye live, from ev'ry trouble free,
Unhurt, untouch'd, by the rude hand of care.

As thro' this chequer'd vale of light and shade,
This wayward world, ye take your peaceful way,
May Providence bestow his fost'ring aid,
And wide around his shield, secure, display.

Oh! may ye pass thro' ev'ry shifting scene,
Thro' ev'ry path that in life's vale is trod,
Midst storms and ills surrounding, still serene,
Belov'd of men and favourites of God.

Then Envy's self shall droop, despair, and die,
And Calumny shall point her steel in vain;
Adversity's keen shafts aloof shall fly,
With all th' attendants of her ghastly train.

Should heav'n, indulgent, bless ye faithful pair,
And grant an offspring worthy of your love;
May they grow up, and may they flourish fair,
Proving their race descended from above.

Thus

Thus blest and happy may ye live to see
A num'rous line your earnest wishes crown;
Your childrens' children sporting on the knee,
Rising to fame, to honour, and renown.

And when old age comes creeping slowly on;
With resignation viewing each one's fate,
Be ye prepared and ready to be gone,
T' enjoy the blessings of the heavenly state.

GENEROSITY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Summi cujusque bonitas commune perfugium ast omnium.

Cic. de Off.

GENEROSITY.

THE liberality of every great man, says CICERO, is a common kind of sanctuary for all that are needy, to him they look up for safety and protection. And what are the advantages which riches give one man above another, unless he employs them to the good of mankind? When men of rank and fortune distinguish themselves by virtuous and generous actions; and, instead of squandering away their possessions in luxury and magnificence, seek out proper objects on whom to bestow their liberality; then are wealth and honours truly valuable, and place their possessors in a proper point of view.

THE truly benevolent man, will relieve to the utmost of his ability, any worthy object that chance may throw in his way; but rests not here, such relief may be only temporary, and not perfectly suited to the nature of the case. And if he can by any means render himself more effectually serviceable, he will think nothing of any little inconvenience that may arise to himself, and will exert his utmost, in being instrumental to any one's happiness.

THE

THE following narrative, will serve to illustrate the foregoing observations.

IN a remote part of the kingdom, lived a very respectable clergyman, of the name of WILLIAMS. This gentleman married at an early period in life, a young lady of an agreeable person, to which were added to an uncommon degree, the more valuable endowments of the mind. With this lovely woman possessed of every endearing quality, and with whom he had flattered himself he should enjoy many years of connubial happiness, he retied to a small living, which amounted to very little more than a hundred pounds a year; an income tho' slender, yet to minds superior to the gifts of fortune, it proved sufficient. But, alas! how vain are the hopes of man, when confined to sublunary views! the pleasing dreams of happiness on earth, how transient! swift and passing as the morning dew! scarcely had twelve months elapsed when he was deprived of his amiable consort who having presented him with a son the first pledge of their mutual affection, resigned a life as dear to him as his own.

THIS mournful event overwhelmed the unhappy WILLIAMS, in the deepest sorrow arising from the tenderest feelings. In which melancholy situation, he continued some considerable time; till at length, aided by the powerful efforts of reason and religion, his mind began by degrees, to resume its wonted serenity,

serenity, and he was in a short time enabled to discharge the important duties, of his sacred function.

In the mean time his lovely infant, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Horatio, greatly engaged his attention; and he resolved, as soon as he should become capable of instruction, to take the pleasing task of his son's education entirely upon himself. An office for which he was in every respect eminently qualified, and to which he attended with the utmost assiduity. Horatio being endued with good natural abilities, passed the first rudiments with the greatest facility: as he grew up he attended to his studies with unwearied diligence; became well acquainted with the languages; and acquired an extensive knowledge in every branch of polite literature. He was a youth of a serious turn of mind, had a comely person and a graceful carriage, was possessed of a mild and generous disposition, and a great share of good sense. With these qualifications, which could not fail to attract much notice and esteem, he was at the age of nineteen removed to the university; where he soon gave proofs of a superior genius, and finished his studies with great reputation.

During his residence at that seminary of learning, thro' the recommendation of friends, he had been appointed private tutor to a young gentlemen of

of fortune, and accompanied him in making the grand tour of Europe. HORATIO's pupil had conceived great esteem for his tutor, and having a valuable piece of preferment in his gift, promised him the presentation to it, on the death of the then present incumbent, who was already in a very advanced age.

ELATE with the prospect of a suitable provision, in the enjoyment of his approaching preferment, he immediately married, (having inconsiderately formed a disadvantageous connexion early in life) and obtained two curacies, till he should be in possession of his living, which in all probability would not be long. In which situation he lived near three years in patient expectation, when, to his utter disappointment, he lost his worthy friend and patron, about six months before the death of the incumbent. Thus was " his dawn of joy o'ercast by sudden night " and " his air-built vision totter'd to the ground."

Now was he doomed to linger out a miserable existence, in indigence and obscurity, whose many virtues and extraordinary abilities, would have adorned a more exalted station. With an amiable wife and three lovely children, his chief dependance was upon his curacies, worth little more than fifty pounds a year, and which, without the friendly contributions of their more wealthy and charitable neighbours,

neighbours, could scarcely supply them with even the neccessaries of life.

LET not the Stoick, with harsh invectives, censure the conduct of the unhappy HORATIO, as being incompatible with that of a man of good sense and understanding. Nor let him wonder that a heart fraught with tender emotions, and but too susceptible of soft sensations, should become the subject of that passion, which has been known to possess the noblest minds, and bring into subjection the most obdurate hearts. Yet could not HORATIO acquit himself of the charge of imprudence, and was now, alas! too well convinced of his hasty proceedings. The reflection of having reduced an affectionate and deserving woman to a state of poverty, together with the thoughts of his darling offspring growing up in misery and want, bore hard upon his afflicted mind; whilst the soothing partner of his care, remarkable for her easiness of manners and native simplicity, endeavoured in vain by her continual good-humour to pour the balm of consolation into his wounded bosom.

As the disconsolate HORATIO was one evening sitting near a window, he observed a person of genteel appearance making towards the house, and upon his coming to the door rose and admitted him. The stranger as he entered politely apologized for his

his intrusion, and begged leave to wait till the weather might permit him to continue his walk.

THIS courteous stranger was BENVOLIO a young nobleman endued with a generous and humane disposition, prompt on every occasion, to relieve the indigent and wretched. And to this he was enabled by the enjoyment of an affluent fortune, which he endeavoured to use in such a manner as might most conduce to the benefit of mankind. He usually spent the greater part of his time in the country, where he employed himself in "going about and doing good" to all the neighbourhood. The tenants under him were easy and happy, not oppressed with burthensome rents to support his luxury; and the poor relieved by his munificence were quiet and content. In a word he lived beloved and respected by all.

IN that delightful season of the year, when the bounteous hand of Spring renews the face of nature spreads a verdant carpet on the earth, and decks the plains with blooming beauty; BENVOLIO set out on a few days excursion to visit some friends. He had proceeded some way on his intended route, when one day, towards the approach of evening, he arrived at the summit of a hill, from which he enjoyed a most beautiful and extensive prospect. Beneath, was a winding vale, with innumerable flocks and herds grazing upon the sides of it, thro' which a glittering stream gently glided whose banks were

were covered with moss and flowers; beyond it fertile fields, flowery meads, waving woods, ond towering spires, presented themselves to the wandering eye.

He was a great admirer of the beauties of nature and being particularly charmed with the landscape before him, desired the servant to lead his horse to the adjacent town, (whose spacious edifices the sun now gilded with his declining beams) and resolved to pursue the remainder of the way along the foot path, that conducted him by various turnings thro' a flowery lawn. The melody of birds together with the coolness of the evening and beauty of the prospect, rendered his walk delightful, and he had insensibly wandered out of his way, when a sudden shower of rain quickly roused him from his pleasing reverie, and obliged him to hasten and seek for shelter. He had not proceeded far before he discovered a house at a little distance, almost concealed by trees, towards which he directed his steps, which proved to be the lone retreat of the unfortunate Horatio.

Benvolio plainly preceived in his friendly host the marks of good breeding, tho' his attire did not bespeak the most prosperous circumstances. Upon engaging in discourse, he found him to be a man of learning and understanding, and became anxious to learn the cause of his apparent distress. During their

their conversation he intimated a wish to be made acquainted with his situation in life; a wish proceeding from real heartfelt sympathy, and an earnest desire of becoming serviceable; which HORATIO modestly complied with.

BENVOLIO, whose generous heart glowed with the most tender and refined sentiments, was sensibly touched at the recital; and he determined to do every thing in his power, to place him in a situation becoming the dignity of his character.

BY this time the rain was over, the moon exalted in the azure sky diffused her friendly light around the benighted traveller, when BENVOLIO, without declaring his generous intentions, set out for the town. The murmuring winds were hushed, the harmony of the groves had ceased, and the universal calm of nature that prevailed, invited him to meditation, while he proceeded unmolested on his way in pensive mood, reflecting on the various vicissitudes of fortune, and the constant fluctuation of human affairs. After about half-an-hours' walk in one of the most delightful evenings the season could produce, he arrived at the town, and having taken a small repast, retired to rest; to enjoy that undisturbed repose which virtuous minds can never fail to obtain.

MEAN-

MEANWHILE, HORATIO formed various conjectures on this extraordinary visit; and, from the courteous behaviour of his unknown guest, and the generous concern he discovered at the recital of his misfortunes, dared to hope for better days. Cheering hope that smooths the rugged ways of adversity with the pleasing thoughts of fancied good, enabled him to bear up under his misfortunes; nor did he hope in vain. In a very short time afterwards, he was presented to a valuable benefice, by the bishop of ———, to whom the generous BENVOLIO's applications in his favour had not been fruitless.— Thus raising depressed merit from obscurity, he rendered it capable of moving in its proper sphere and placed an amiable pair in a situation that enabled them to bring up their family in such a manner, as to become useful ornaments to society.

WHEN

" WHEN Fate in angry mood has frown'd
" And gather'd all her storms around
" The sturdy Romans cry;
" The great who'd be releas'd from pain,
" Falls on his sword or opes a vein,
" And bravely dares to die.

" But know, beneath, life's heavy load,
" In sharp affliction's thorny road,
" 'Midst thousand ills that grieve;
" Where dangers threaten, cares infest,
" Where friends forsake, and foes molest,
" Tis braver far to live."

MARTIAL.

THE EFFECTS OF OPPRESSION*.

WHEN Truth and Virtue meet no kind regard,
And nought but pointed scorn their vile reward;
What keen sensations and what poignant smart,
Must this occasion to the feeling heart!
Too oft misfortune and distress combine,
To make the soul of honesty repine,
And doubt the rule of providence divine.

YE who bewail the wretched of mankind,
And such as stray in erring mazes blind;
Ye gen'rous souls with native pity fraught;
Or ye in misery's harsh precepts taught;
To you the sweets of sympathy belong,
Attend with candour to my humble song.
Nor scorn to read, ye proud, with wealth elate,
The pungent griefs that on dependance wait.

* "A melancholy fact" described in the London Evening Post, for Sept. 18, 1788, is the subject of the following lines.

Tho'

Tho' doom'd a life of servitude to spend,
And on laborious industry depend;
Such virtues glow'd in humble EDWIN's mind,
As in the menial state we seldom find.
Unlike degen'rate servants of the age,
Who oft in basest crimes will dare t'engage,
In all his actions gen'rous, true, and just,
Firm to his lord, and faithful to his trust,
He priz'd his master's int'rest as his own,
And sought no higher honour or renown.
Contented in his state he pass'd along,
Regardless of the busy, bustling throng,
That pant for grandeur, pleasure, gain, or pow'r,
And all the empty gewgaws of an hour.*
Thus gentle EDWIN spent his earlier years,
Secure from mis'ry, and corroding cares,
Save those of love; a gen'rous flame he own'd,
And ANNA soon his utmost wishes crown'd.

From parents sprung, whose opulence and worth
Reflected genuine lustre on her birth,

* ——————How well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that do choak their service up
Even with the having; it is not so with thee.
SHAKESPEARE.

Fair

Fair ANNA flourish'd, innocent and gay,
And felt no care beyond the present day;
'Till dire misfortune with her grisly troop
Of black attendants, quash'd her better hope.
Then as revolv'd the quick-returning years,
So grew her sorrows and increas'd her cares.
Awhile her sire, with skill and decent pride,
Adown prosperity's unruffl'd tide,
Guided his bark, calm, steady, and serene,
O'er num'rous shoals and dang'rous rocks unseen,
Kind fortune's breeze unfurls his spreading sails,
And gently wafts him, safe from furious gales,
Thro' life's short voyage thus he hop'd to steer,
Ne'er doom'd the pain of poverty to share.
But, ah! misfortune's sudden blasts arose,
Rough adverse storms his easy course oppose;
In vain he strives, with firm, undaunted soul,
To brave the tempest, and its rage controul,
Around his head disasters num'rous pour
And hurl his shatter'd vessel to the shore.
Now forc'd reluctant, from his native home,
And doom'd in sad necessity to roam,
(Till hence translated to eternal peace
Kind death should bid his num'rous sorrows cease)
By pining want and pinching hunger led,
From door to door he begs his scanty bread.
As sturdy oaks, which wreaths of ivy grace,
Find sure destruction in the close embrace;
So he by knaves and sponging friends deceiv'd,
Too lib'ral gave, and feign'd distress reliev'd.

Unhappy man! and can thy bounty claim
No kind defence from infamy and shame?
Lives there no soul compassionate and kind,
To soothe the sorrows of thy wounded mind?
Have all prov'd false and vanish'd from thy view
Of all thy friends, remain no faithful few?
Not one! but all from his embraces fly,
Like swallows seeking a more kindly sky.

Friendship the source of all our truest joy,
Affords us pleasures that can never cloy;
To no condition or no state confin'd,
It springs eternal in the gen'rous mind,
'Tis this that prompts the good man's heart to glow,
With tender feelings for his neighbour's woe;
And kindly sharing in each other's pain,
Learns us the weight of sorrow to sustain.
The wretch that feels not friendship's hallow'd flame
With false pretence pollutes the sacred name,
To selfish views and present good confin'd,
'Tis int'rest only actuates his mind.
Awhile he'll follow, and with empty praise,
Enjoy the sunshine of thy happier days;
But when stern fate, with adverse aspect, frowns,
The parasite his once best friend disowns.

Now ANNA friendless, destitute, forlorn,
To pleasing hopes and fairer prospects born,
Finds an asylum in dependant state,
Where EDWIN liv'd: thus will'd unerring fate.

Those

Those hands, that wont to strike the trembling lyre
With harmony divine our souls t'inspire,
Unfit or toil or labour to sustain,
A scanty pittance by their service gain.
Now EDWIN lost his wonted peaceful rest
And love's fond thoughts possest his troubled breast
Awhile he strove to hide the pleasing smart,
In vain! more keenly still it pierc'd his heart.
At length he sighs his tale in simplest strain.
Nor would the maid his honest flame disdain.
Why need I of her lovely graces speak,
Describe the beauties of her vermil cheek,
The tender look that languish'd in her eye,
The throbbing breast and gently rising sigh?
Suffice it that they lov'd, and such their love,
As none but souls congenial e'er can prove.
Let not the great, with scorn and haughty pride,
The tender passion of this pair deride:
From lewd debauch, that weakens ev'ry sense,
Their minds were free, to no false joys propense.
Firm and sincere, unanimous their souls,
Ambition prompts not, nor their views controuls:
Tho' ardent was their flame yet chaste and pure,
Their joys spontaneous, and their peace secure.
Long since her heart, now ANNA yields her hand,
And Hymen joins th' indissoluble band.

What spare œconomy could well acquire,
By thrifty savings from his annual hire, He

He now attempts by means of trade t'improve,
And thoughts commercial ev'ry action move.
Alike unmov'd by fortune's smile or frown,
Oh! rather hadst thou been some lowly clown,
To drive thy team or guide the crooked plough,
Thou still hadst liv'd true happiness to know.
To gain support by honest means he tries,
In vain, stern fortune ev'ry claim denies.
Unfeeling creditors beset them round,
And harpies dire, with cruel force abound.
No direful monster, no infernal scourge,
E'er rose more dreadful from the Stygian surge *,
With hands impure his forfeit goods they seize †,
And scarce even these the hated fiends appease.
The luckless pair forsake their plunder'd home,
Dejected, sad, disconsolate they roam,
"Both hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,"
Absorb'd in all the consciousness of woe.
Now keen-felt tortures seize the wretched wife,
Bereft of reason she despises life:
Frantic and lost in wildness of despair,
Beats her sad breast and tears her loosen'd hair;
"While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the decent manliness of grief."

* Tristius haudillis monstrum, nec sævior ulla
Pestis et ira Deum Stygiis sese extulit undis.

VIRG. ÆN.

† Dirripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fædant
Immundo. ——

ID.

Yet

Yet care sat heavy on his clouded brow,
And gloomy presages increas'd his woe.

Springs hope eternal in the human breast?*
Then sure the sons of misery were blest;
Blest in ideal happiness to come,
Nor e'er repining at their present doom:
In airy Fancy's sweet deluding dream,
Hope might dart forth a transitory gleam,
Thro' the dark gloom adversity had spread,
Around the fate-devoted victim's head.
Alas! nor hope nor reason's pow'rs appear,
Despair's dread horrors seize th'illfated pair;
While silent sulleness succeeds to rage,
And thoughts of death their hapless minds engage.
As the bright lamp thro' lack of oil grows pale,
So, reason lost, hope's cheering light must fail.

Now solemn night resum'd her darksome reign,
And wrapt in shades the wide etherial plain;
Shrill scream'd the screechowl with ungrateful sound
And howling winds roar'd, horrible, around;
While from the bending branches of an oak,
Is heard the night-crow's sorrow-boding croak.
But not the raging wind's tempestous howl,
The croaking night-crow, or the screaming owl,

* Hope springs eternal in the human breast.
Pope.

Nor

Nor sable midnight's terrible array,
Could ought of horror to their minds convey;
Not all the rage of elements combin'd,
Equals the terrors of a desp'rate mind.

As onward now the mournful trav'lers stray
Urging their wand'ring, melancholy way,
Where Thames' black waves and oozy waters glide
Soon as they reach'd the fatal river's side,
Hand lock'd in hand, high on the bank they stood,
Gave a last look, and plung'd beneath the flood.

Thus fell a pair to dismal woe a prey,
Who once shone fair in virtue's peaceful way;
Till dire oppression's tyrannous controul
" Repress'd the genial current of the soul.

When vice enormous rears her Gorgon-head,
Secure from terror and unknown to dread;
When th'impious flourish and th'abandon'd seem
Like some fair plant beside a living stream;
While they encrease, like clusters on the vine,
And prosp'rous rays on all their actions shine;
Too prone is human weakness to complain,
That virtue's fruitless and religion vain.
Learn hence ye great, ye men of potent sway,
To smooth adversity's rough, flinty way,
Add not oppression to misfortunes grief,
But lend the balmy sweets of kind relief;

Temper

Temper the pow'r that's granted from above.
With soft humanity and christian love.
And ye, sad mourners, children of distress,
Whom various woes and injuries oppress,
Cease to répine the murm'ring sigh restrain,
Nor dare the will of providence t'arraign;
In meekness yield to the corrective stroke,
Submissive kiss the rod, and bear the yoke.
Tho' sharp afflictions mark your grievous doom,
Tempt not the dangers of that dreary gloom,
Where dismal horrors mark despair's dread reign,
And woes eternal form her ghastly train.
Still, still bear up awhile ye noble few*,
The storms of life with resignation view.
Brave the vain raging of her troubled waves,
The fools' derision and the scoff of knaves,
And what? tho' fortune favour not your sails,
Nor speed your course with her successful gales;
With reason at the helm still urge your way,
And gain, where hope points out, the wish'd for bay.

* ——————— Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded veiw, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more.
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.
THOMPSON.

HENRY AND EMMA.

THE paths how various, that conduct frail man
Beyond the bounds of time! which oft, alas!
With heedless step we tread, nor once reflect,
Whither we are posting. And tho' each day
Inculcates on our minds the weighty truth,
The sure, irrevocable doom of man;
Yet soon is lost the rev'rent dread it mark'd,
With faint impressions on our callous hearts.
It wears away and leaves no trace behind,
As tho' 'twere writ in water. Lose we friends?
We moisten, as we mourn, the dull, cold clay;
And, sad, attend them to their last, long home:
But when the lifeless body once is lodg'd
Within the gloomy caverns of the tomb,
There too we oft our sorrows leave; no more
Indulge the serious thought, but haste away
To sordid pleasures or amusements vain, —
But can I thus thy past regard forget?
Thou best-lov'd, dearest friend! whose tender care
Hung with fond wishes o'er my childish years,
Whose precepts led me thro' the flow'ry vale
Of heedless youth; then too when adverse clouds
Obscur'd

Obscur'd the scene, 'twas thine with virtue's lore
To cheer my mind. And oft thine aspect shone
With beaming smiles of heart-felt joy, whene'er
Delight my hopes and wishes crown'd. But soft,
Methinks I hear some kind and friendly voice,
With trembling accents vibrate on mine ear.
'Tis sure a voice I know. The pleasing sound
Seems like the greeting of a long-lost friend,
Once more returned. Ah! no; for ever gone!
Leaving this vale of tears, he long hath reach'd
" That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
" No traveller returns." Then, peace my soul!
Nor more indulge the visionary thought.
Yet still I seem to catch the well-known sounds,
That, dying, float along the passing gale,
And, murm'ring soft, re-echo to my sighs.
How forceful, Fancy! that, with lively tints,
Presents the lov'd ALPHONSO to my mind;
And, with the aid of kind remembrance, brings
Past scenes of fond endearment to my view,
And strikes mine ear with sounds no longer heard.
Then be it so. Yet still the grateful theme
Delights my soul, and with a secret joy
I trace the fond idea. Nor shall Time,
That, with his sable wings, spreads far and wide
An envious shade, efface it from my breast:
But still shall Mem'ry ply her wonted care,
And trim her lamp with true affection's oil,
Whose sacred light shall long dispel the gloom
Of dark Oblivion. Yes, lamented shade!

Long

Long as this frame of mortal mould remain;
And this sad heart life's purple stream diffuse
To ev'ry circling vein: within my breast,
In lasting characters, thy name shall live.
And when pert Folly with alluring wiles,
Would tempt my steps from Virtue's sober path,
To mount her giddy heights, and chase with her
Imaginary joys: thy counsel then,
Deep-treasur'd in my mind, shall act its part,
And slumb'ring Reason to her duty call.
Peace to thy manes! Now in mournful lays,
Some woefraught Tale of Life's eventful page
Shall prove the tenure frail of mortal bliss,

While some delight to sing in beauty's praise,
Or breath the sorrows of an hopeless flame;
And others prompted by the specious theme,
Their harps attune, and strike the sounding strings
To deeds of chivalry and war-like fame;
Do thou, my Muse, in melancholy strains,
To suff'ring Virtue wake thy mournful lyre,
And here no common sorrows claim the tear
Of meek-ey'd Sympathy. The various shapes
That grisly Death assumes, oft rouse soft pity
In minds humane; whether by secret fraud,
Or open violence the Tyrant moves.
When famine, pestilence, storms, sword and fire,
His awful delegates, their trust fulfil;
(Which righteous Heav'n deputes his wrath to pour
On guilty lands) resistless they press on,

And,

And, with the avenging besom of destruction,
Sweep off whole nations from the trembling world.
Or when by wily pleasure's treach'rous bait,
That hides a mortal bane, he lures his prey
To sure destruction; when Intemp'rance fell,
And taint disease their pow'rs combine, and urge
The destin'd victim to an early grave.
But when sweet Innocence and honest Truth
Fall wretched victims to the base intrigues
Of villainous design; and having earn'd
(Proof 'gainst the pow'rs of Infamy and Vice)
By glorious toil, well spent, a deathless fame;
At last to make their grave in Misery's vale,
And meet stern Death array'd in all the forms
Of ghastly horror: what bosom feels not?
What heart, not adamant, can view unmov'd
The tragic scene? Yes, Pity still shall weep,
" And mourn, yet venerate, the stern decree."

Where ——'s proud tour rises in the clouds,
A welcome land-mark to the distant ken
Of home-bound mariner's; where whit'ning cliffs,
Along the winding margin of the main,
Mock the proud swelling of tumultuous waves;
There dwelt, sequester'd 'mid the furze-clad hills,
A venerable sage ARNOLDO nam'd,
A small paternal heritage he till'd,
And pass'd along the vale of life in peace,
Zealous to tread fair Virtue's lonely path:

No

No sublunary cares disturb'd his mind,
Save the warm wish to see his EMMA blest.

Depriv'd tho' early of a mother's care,
Who gave her life and then resign'd her own,
She flourish'd fair beneath the tender nurture
Of fond, paternal care, virtuous and good.
The matchless beauty of her lovely form,
Where virtue and each grace united shone,
Ravish'd the gazing eyes with strange delight.
Attractive sweetness, dignity of soul,
Beam'd in her artless—smiling countenance.
Her auburn locks in graceful ringlets wav'd,
And Nature's roses beautified her cheek.

The neighb'ring swains with admiration saw
This child of Innocence, and seeing lov'd.
But vainly strove t'impress her virgin-heart,
With soft sensations of a mutual flame,
Save youthful HENRY, His that bliss divine,
To share, with her, the joys of mutual love.
HENRY the wealthy, liberal, true, and just;
Whose honest heart, with gen'ral kindness fraught,
Adorn'd that independance Heav'n bestow'd;
View'd not such beauty, innocence and grace,
Without emotion: soon as he beheld
The lovely maid, a sudden joy shot through
Th' enamour'd youth, and roll'd along his veins.
The gen'rous flame, nourish'd by fost'ring time,

Gains

Gains greater pow'r and governs all his soul.
When he disclos'd the feelings of his heart,
The tender tale, tho' couch'd in simplest strain,
Such thrilling transport to her breast convey'd,
That EMMA own'd love's gentle sway: her face,
With rising blushes flush'd, more beauteous seem'd
Than roses blended with the lily's white,
When HENRY talk'd of love. With downcast eyes,
She heard his plighted faith of endless truth,
Nor long dissembled but receiv'd his vows.

Thus blest and blessing in each other's love,
Long time they liv'd, their peace no cares annoy'd,
And gentle pleasure wing'd the fleeting hours.
But ah! full soon misfortune shifts the scene.
How vain the hopes of mortal man to taste
The cup of life with sorrow unallay'd!
Where lives the man whose calm and easy heart,
Midst all the joys this lower world affords,
Feels not the tyrant care's soul-chilling touch?
These are the terms on which we hold our bliss:
Nor must we hope to take the portion'd draught,
Unmix'd, and pure, from misery's bitter dregs.

Their envied bliss a pamper'd son of vice
Had long observ'd; whose grov'ling, glutted soul,
Revell'd in luxury, nor desired to soar
Beyond the joys of sense. His boundless wealth,
(That good precarious, oft a grievous curse)

Could

Could not procure the beauteous EMMA's love.
For real love disdains all sordid views,
And specious gold but damps the subtle flame.
'Tis not the ill-forc'd grace of beauty's smile,
Rais'd by the joy which pride and wealth inspire;
Nor mad desire which furious passions prompt:
But genuine love, and pure alone consists
In mutual sympathy of fellow souls,
Alike in feeling, sentiment, and wish.
For this dear blessing lovely EMMA scorn'd
The pomp of equipage, and pride of wealth,
And spurn'd the proffer vile, that thus assail'd
At once her virtue and her HENRY's love.

What now remains? this firm resolve made known,
But adds fresh fuel to th' unhallow'd flame;
And thus the fiend vindictive, vents his rage.

Shall low-born insolence and female pride
Thus mock my hopes nor feel resentment due?
Shall I whom wealth and titled beauty court
To join alliance, yet thus vainly sue,
An humble cottager to share my bed?
My fairest hopes o'erthrown, and all my schemes
Of happiness thus foil'd, shall I forego
Each pow'rful claim; and yield, an abject rival,
To a low bred peasant? Banish my soul,
The mean idea, all thy pow'rs exert,

And

And from this moment meditate revenge.
Each blacker art and dark device employ,
And owe that bliss to stratagem and force,
Which love nor gains, nor boasted wealth can purchase.
Thus he exclaims, and like the troubled sea,
That foams and rolls its turbid waves on high
When storms and tempests rage, within his breast
Dark thoughts and desp'rate purposes revolve.

On rapid time's fleet pinions swiftly borne,
The day was hast'ning whose auspicious morn,
In HYMEN's bands, should join the happy pair,
And their bliss consummate. But harder fate
Awaits the bridal day; and scenes of woe
Conclude the mournful sequel of my tale.

When all is calm, and slow recoiling waves
Retreat in murmurs to the mighty deep;
What time the sun emits his evening ray,
Tinges the western clouds with crimson dye,
And gilds the horizon; while the glassy main's
Unrippled surface far and wide reflects
The blazing radiance of the vaulted sky;
To mark the beauties of the glorious scene,
In pleasing converse o'er the sandy shore,
The lovers oft would stray. As here they rov'd
The fatal nuptial-eve, the passing hours
Beguiling with sweet talk; their wand'ring steps

Now

Now homeward bend, when sudden from the cliff,
Impetuous rush'd a ruffian band, (their chief
The curst FERNANDO, whose attentive eye
Had mark'd their course) who with unhallow'd hands
Tear the lov'd EMMA from the desp'rate youth,
And bear her lifeless to a neighbouring barge.
Thus the fierce eagle, roving for his prey,
Hovers awhile o'er some lone, harmless flock,
Then sudden darts, and bears with cruel gripe
The tender lambkin from its bleating dam.

Swift the base hirelings rise upon their oars,
And now had well nigh reach'd an anchoring bark;
Which long had kept its wonted station there,
Till cruel fortune crown'd the purpose base;
When th' expiring maid once more reviv'd.
For sense, awhile suspended, now return'd,
And bade again life's crimson fountain play.
And, as emerging from the murky clouds,
The moon shines fair amid the gloom of night,
The beauteous maid appear'd, her lovely form
So shone conspicuous 'mid the dingy group.
And now by cruel pow'r, resistless, urg'd,
Her foot ascends the vessel's lofty side:
When conscious misery again assails
Her scatter'd senses; misery-too great
For more than female fortitude to bear;
Again o'erwhelm'd with dull oblivions pow'r,
A heavy stupor steals o'er all her mind,

And down she sinks, a prey to black despair.
But how shall I delineate HENRY's woe?
What words can speak the anguish of his heart?
Amaz'd, he paus'd and view'd the fearful scene,
Lost in the mute astonishment of woe,
Till stronger reason rous'd his slumb'ring soul.
Then swift he flies for succour, and collects
A band of friends, well arm'd who haste to sea,
And with an unavailing speed pursue
The fleeting vessel, till the pitchy night,
Long hov'ring o'er, with sable wings outstretch'd
Broods on the spacious bosom of the main,
And intercepts the view. Meanwhile the ship
Full-canvass'd scuds before the rising gale.

But ere the sun had reach'd the western goal,
When distant hills just catch his sinking beams,
And evening mild in cooling shades descends,
When varied toil its needful pause receives,
And placid rest in grateful turn succeeds;
In this calm hour the sage ARNOLDO sought,
The lowly mead where graze the lowing herds
And with flush'd hopes revisits every field,
And views the riches of the rising year:
With sullen moan slow-waving in the breeze,
The far-off curfew bids his steps retire.
Warn'd by the sound with ready step he turns,
And seeks his lone retreat; but ere he reach'd
The venerable mansion, suddenly arose

A scene

A scene of dread, and gelid horror reigns
O'er gen'ral nature round. The screaming owl
Forsakes the mould'ring ivy-mantled walls
And with the raven, that in glen remote,
With hoarse, rough note, broods o'er some hapless corse,
Joins discord harsh. The clouds with mingling gloom
The azure concave hide, thro' which oft gleams
The lightning's forked flash. With awful sound
The threatning thunders roll, and chill the soul
With ghastly fear: while bursting clouds descend
In rapid torrents on the flooded plains,
And whistling whirlwinds sweep the golden fields.
Borne by the light-wing'd hours the night began
To hold her sway alternate, adding still
New horrors to the tempest: long detain'd
At length he trembling reach'd the joyless dome;
For sorrow there had fix'd her iron-reign;
There each domestic with sad horror struck
At gentle EMMA's fate, in silence mourn'd,
Each gen'rous eye dissolv'd into a tear;
Each faithful heart soft sympathy possest,
Big with the woe that waits ARNOLDO's soul.
His safe return announc'd, with trembling step
They haste around him; anxious to impart,
Yet fearful to disclose the dreadful news,
But soon the father's ready care prevents
The mournful task, his warm affection soon Demands

Demands the lovely comfort of his age;
And with a parent's jealous fondness asks,
Why the chief solace of his fading years,
Approaches not to welcome his return?
Ah wretched man! the dreadful cause disclos'd,
Would wring thy heart with feelings yet unknown,
And pierce with keenest woe, thy inmost soul.
In stupid melancholy long absorb'd
He sat, beyond the pow'r of tyrant thought,
When suddenly with dismal roar, a sound
Like distant thunder greets his waken'd ear.
Rous'd by the sound, he hastens to discern
The real cause, but all was dark as death:
Save when the vivid lightning dimly gleam'd
Along the swelling surge; or a short blaze
Pierc'd thro' the horrid gloom, preceeding quick
The distant cannon's melancholy roar,
(The dread alarm, and signal of distress)
And to the transient view presented oft,
The heart-appalling scene. Meanwhile the wind,
With hollow echoes, drives the beating rain,
And rocks the spacious mansion's solid base.
With crash tremendous thunders rend the sky,
And roaring billows lash the sounding shore.
Toss'd to and fro the shatter'd vessel rides,
The sport of winds: the raging sea upturn'd,
From inmost caverns torn; swells mountain high;
And angry waves curl o'er the feeble bark,
And mock the sailor's toil. For ever prompt

To

To aid the wretched, and his hand extend
To all the hapless children of distress,
His gen'rous soul inspir'd with hope to save
A fellow-mortal, seeks the foaming shore;
And the keen thought that EMMA now might need
Mid all the horrors of the ruthless storm,
A tender father's care, his speed impell'd,
With firm attendants near he urg'd his way,
And now the fatal strand had well nigh reach'd
When deep amaze his tortur'd bosom seiz'd.
The howling blast, relentless, strikes his ear,
With sudden shrieks and dismal groans deep-burdend.
Pausing awhile, with fear benumb'd he stands,
And trembles at the noise; again he hears
The desolating voice of woe ascend,
And float awhile the turbid air, yet oft
With fainter sounds it meets his troubled sense; —
Yet fainter still it comes, and sinks at last
O'erwhelm'd in ruin and eternal silence.
A dreadful pause succeeds: no voice no sound
Prevades the solemn gloom, save the rude dashings
Of the still restless main, in tumult wild:
Or hollow-sweeping tempest's dismal roar.
With eager haste press on his trembling steps
Along the path that winds along the rock
And at the mournful station soon arrive.

At length quite spent the cruel storm abates
Its ruthless rage. But, ah! what prospects dire,

Now

Now strike the wand'ring eye. Night's shades dispell'd
The sun was climbing up the eastern steep,
And shed his glaring light on all around,
Disclosing wide the soul-dismaying scene,
And dreadful havoc of the ruthless storm:
And shews, O sea, the horrors of thy conquest,
The frightful trophies, and triumphant spoils
Of thy now sated fury. Wrecks dispers'd
O'erspread the azure deep; promiscuous float
Sails, planks, and goods; and lifeless bodies roll
In strange confusion to the crouded shore.
And now assembled crowds from ev'ry part,
Themselves t'enrich by cruel ocean's spoils,
And as when bees, amid the placid calm,
In verdant meads alight on various flow'rs,
And o'er the lillies fair are scatter'd wide;
Along the shore promiscuous murmurs rise. *

The mingled voice of grief and pity calls
ARNOLDO, sorrowing, to a gath'ring group,
Who crowd around some luckless, stiffen'd corse,
And mourn with heart-felt grief its wayward fate.
The mournful spot scarce reach'd, his anxious eye
Scarce recogniz'd the youthful HENRY's form;

* Ac velati in pratis, ubi apes æstate serena
Floribus insidunt variis, & candida circum
Lilia funduntur: strepit omnis murmure campus.
VIRG. Æn.

When

When lo! a wave approaches, murm'ring loud,
Rolling its foaming head, and bearing high
The once best solace of his aged heart,
The highest honour of his hoary locks,
The only bliss in which his ling'ring soul
Delighted here below; and at his feet,
With rage relentless, hurl'd the lifeless form
Of hapless EMMA. How shall I describe
The poignant anguish of the father's woe?
Reader, if soft humanity expands
Thy gentle bosom; if thy gen'rous soul
Enjoys the sweets of sympathy and love
For fellow-mortals; if thy glist'ning eye
E'er swells at tales of sorrow and distress;
Thy native feelings better far can paint,
The mournful scene my humble pen declines.

With kind concern, now friends assiduous force,
The frantic father from his breathless child;
While from the shore, some bear the bodies off.
The last sad act, in season due perform'd,
The hapless pair within one grave repose;
And as in life their love-fraught souls were one,
So now in death their crumbling ashes blend.

The lonely maid, that mourns her absent swain,
Still cherishes in mind the form belov'd
And to rememb'rance calls the tender look,

The

The sigh, the vow sincere, and tale of love;
And pores with strange delight, on each dear pledge
The favour'd youth, as tokens of his truth,
At parting left. And often as her lips
Impress the precious gifts, heaving a sigh,
She drops a tender tear, and feels a joy,
Unknown but to congenial souls, and which
Each heart of sympathy itself shall feel.
" A luxury to vulgar minds unknown."
So oft when evening calm, with grateful change,
Closes the scene of parting day; then speeds
ARNOLDO, sorrowing, to the mournful spot
Where sleep their sad remains. There mem'ry paints,
In glowing lines, his wretchedness forlorn,
There wrung with consciousness of inward woe,
Fast-rising sighs his tortur'd bosom heave,
And grief-swoln tears steal down his furrow'd cheeks.

But Faith, with piercing eye, his view extends
Beyond the bounds by Stoic pride assign'd
To mortal bliss; and gilds the future scene.
With pious awe he waits th'impending stroke
Of certain fate, when death his pain shall end,
And place him, joyful, mid the glorious scenes
Where peace and happiness, eternal, reign.

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